

# OUR DUMB Animals

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ONE TEASPOONFUL — THE DOCTOR SAID SO!

Photo by O. G. Miller



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**MANUSCRIPTS** relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

**PHOTOGRAPHS** should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

**VERSE** about animals should be short. We suggest from four to twelve lines.

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## *The Future*

**W**HAT is it to be? Unquestionably better than the past. The world is not on the down grade. Judge its progress not by years, but by aeons. Many a wave of an incoming tide would seem to mark a tide that ebbs. It takes many waves to tell the story.

How shall this better future be hastened for men and nations? Nothing has in it for this end such hope and promise as humane education. Once let all our schools and colleges be open to the daily teachings of the principles of justice, fair play, good will, and kindness, as the supreme factors in determining the relations between nation and nation, between man and man, and between man and all the creatures below him, and our civilization would mount at once to a higher level. Wars would soon be only relics of a barbarous age, the bitter controversies between capital and labor would give place to cooperation and the recognition of a common kinship, strikes and lockouts and deeds of violence and destruction would cease, race prejudices would die, the dream of seer and prophet would be no longer scoffed at, and the kingdoms of this world would become the kingdom of truth and love and justice—as some day they must.

All honor to science and philosophy and art and whatever else is useful to mankind that our schools and colleges teach. But these are not half so basic, so fundamental in developing character and shaping the future of the world, as the elemental things that lie enfolded in these two words, "Humane Education." The former things, taught never so well, do not and cannot reach the deepest springs of action.

Some day our educators will realize this to a far greater extent than at present. Then the work of such organizations as our American Humane Education Society will be recognized as striking at the very root of evil and founded in the highest wisdom. Already millions of children, reached by our own Society and influenced by its teachings, stand for a service rendered humanity beyond compute. The man who has a thousand dollars, a million dollars, to give for the welfare of the world can no more effectively use it than in the work of humane education.

E. H. H.

KINDNESS WEEK DATES  
for 1954

Humane Week—April 25-May 1  
Humane Sunday—April 25

## "Chucky" Wins Them Over

By James E. Lawrence

WHILE the idea of deliberately harboring a female woodchuck on a 100-acre dairy farm may appear to invite disaster and violate agricultural ethics, David Traver, of Pleasant Valley, New York, never gave it a second thought when he befriended Chucky. For David soon found that this woodchuck, like most animals and most females, has a winning way of her own.

The fact of the matter is that the animal is a *bona fide* part of the Traver family, in a manner of speaking. Chucky won over every member of the household, and that includes the proud farm dogs and all the miscellaneous cats. It is all due to Chucky's sterling extrovert personality which combines an inquisitive nature with the friendliness of a puppy.

And Chucky thrives well in this atmosphere of friendship. Although David could easily tuck her snugly in his jacket pocket when he first met her, it was no time before he would have found it difficult to hold her sleek-furred bulk with both his hands. Neighboring farmers who stop to play with Chucky claim that she makes her wild kin look as though they are on a hunger strike.

Undoubtedly the reason for this is Chucky's unusual surroundings, since her food supply is plentiful and easy to reach. All these things Chucky did of her own volition, as though something told her that these people and their pets were kind. Her home territory is confined to an unused piece of lush clover between the main farm house and the out-buildings. Most any hour of the day, Chucky is seen in her private clover patch, feeding, washing, or just plain frolicking. She is so acceptable that the dogs and cats, even the barnyard flock, pay her little heed.

But when it is mealtime for David and his family, Chucky makes certain she is not overlooked. As punctual as a cave bat, she scampers down to the rear of the farm house for a tidbit. Three times

each day her scratchings are heard on the back porch and at just about the time the Travers are nicely settled for their meal.

Usually David expects her and has refreshments ready. Almost anything satisfies Chucky, be it an apple or a dish of milk, but she is especially fond of peaches. She likes them about as much as she likes clover.

For living quarters, Chucky dwells under the farm's tool shed, a strategically-located shelter that meets all basic

woodchuck requirements. In addition to providing protection, the shed is in direct line with the clover patch and the back porch.

When autumn comes to the Traver farm and the days become shorter and colder, Chucky ceases her activities for the year. She spends the winter in hibernation beneath the tool shed, then, come spring, she is back again winning new friends. However, David thinks next year she will probably move into the fields, build herself a den and raise a family. Nevertheless, Chucky will always be assured the same protection she now enjoys. And there will be no mistaking her from the rest of her relatives. She is the fattest woodchuck on the farm.



Chucky likes peaches about as much as she likes clover.

# World's

# Only

# Living Teddy Bear

By Joyce Burns Glen

**Good friends, the little Koala goes for a dog-back ride**

AT Lone Pine Koala Sanctuary in Queensland, Australia, Claude Reid, its founder, has now seventy bears, ranging from new arrivals still in their mother's pouch to twenty-year-old grandfathers.

Each week thousands of visitors, mostly overseas tourists, visit the sanctuary. They go into raptures when they see the cute bundles of fur drowsing in the fork of a tree, or playing a game of "chase and catch me."

Mr. Reid is a national authority on the native bear and has done more than any man in Queensland to save them from extinction. He has found rearing them a tricky business, as koalas are fussy about their diet and only eat the leaves of twenty varieties out of the 400 different kinds of eucalyptus trees. They go right through life without a drink, getting enough moisture from the leaves to satisfy their thirst.

An enchanting little fellow, looking more like an animated toy than a living creature, the koala has a soft, round body covered with blue-gray fur, an adorable snub nose, black shoe-button eyes and

only the vestige of a tail. He looks at the world with an expression of amiable surprise. He is just made to be cuddled and likes nothing better than to be held like a baby. About 32 inches long when full grown, the koala is a nocturnal animal and does all his foraging for food at night, storing the food in cheek pouches. It has only one baby at a time, which is carried around in the pouch until it is big enough to peek out and climb onto its mother's back. Burying its hooked claws in her thick fur, it is given a "pick-a-back" ride for four months, after which it is strong enough to climb the tall eucalyptus alone. Although awkward and clumsy on the ground, the koala is quite an acrobat in a tree and will brave the highest and seemingly most precarious branches for the juiciest gum tips.

The koala is one of Australia's first inhabitants, for it was living "Down Under" before the Flood and even in the days when the mammoth was roaming over Europe. Like another primitive Australian, the kangaroo, the koala is found only in Australia. The bush used to be teeming with these bears. They

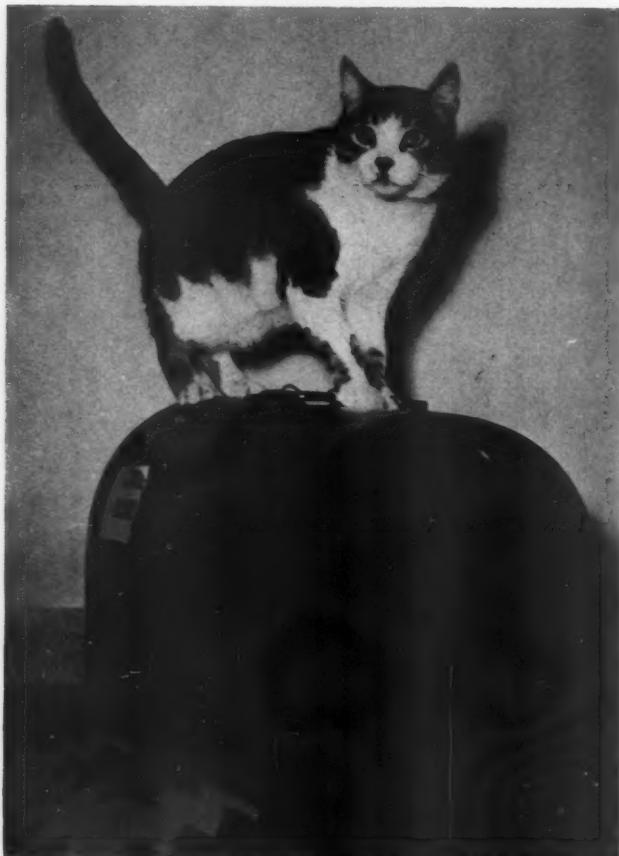
used to travel around gathering their harvest in one neighborhood and then moving on to another, swinging from tree to tree. But when Australia began to be settled and cleared appeared in the bush, so many wild dogs and foxes were ready to pounce on the native bear as he came down from the high branches to the ground that, for safety's sake, he became a one-tree bear, making his abode in one particular gum until the supply of leaves was exhausted. Then, under cover of night, he and his family would move cautiously to another tree.

Not only was the koala in danger from animals, but the white man brought with him the urge to slaughter these harmless creatures for their beautifully warm, non-verminous coats. Bush fires, paralysis and pneumonia reduced the bears, too, until twenty years ago there were only 800,000 bears still living in the bush of New South Wales and Queensland. Then Australians decided to give them a break by protecting them by law and forming sanctuaries for their preservation, and today, their numbers are gradually increasing.



# "Timothy" Takes a Trip

By Doris M. Helander



Timothy gets all set for another phase of his trip.

## Soliloquy on a Boy and His Dog

*How often in memory I see them again—  
My boy and his dog, as they were then!  
What would I not give for the transient power  
To pluck from the past just one golden hour!*

*To stand once again by the window and hark  
To that dear, boyish laughter, that quick eager bark!  
But the hours, so fleeting, of swift days the spawn,  
Glinting sunlight, like ripples, are here and then gone!*

OME of our friends were amazed when they learned we were taking Timothy to Africa. But Timothy, a handsome gray and white cat of undetermined breed, knows very well that we'll take him wherever we go. He came to us when he was a mere kitten and, during his five-year residence with us, he has lived in four different states and has traveled from coast to coast. So, we thought, why not Africa?

The biggest problem that faced us was the fact that my husband had to leave for Africa five months ahead of the family. As a result, my two young daughters and Timothy and I made the trip on our own.

Our journey began at Window Rock, Arizona, on the last day of May, 1952. A thirty-mile car ride, which Timothy definitely disliked, brought us to Gallup where we boarded the Santa Fe Chief. We had a compartment on the train and this gave Tim some freedom. The girls devoted much time to making him as comfortable as possible.

During a four-day stopover in Washington, while the children and I were sightseeing and getting our inoculations, Timothy stayed at a veterinary hospital. He received there necessary inoculations and health examination. From the veterinarian I purchased a cat carrier, an expedient item for anyone traveling with a cat.

An amusing thing happened when we were leaving Washington. As we alighted from the taxi at Union Station, a Red Cap began unloading our luggage, but when he saw the cat carrier, his eyes widened with alarm and he promptly dropped the bags and walked away. Another boy, laughing at the superstition of his colleague, took over the job.

We set sail from New York on June 11, aboard the S. S. Independence. Tim was placed, along with other pets, in a clean fresh-air kennel on top deck. He was given excellent care during the nine-day journey. At least once every day the girls took him out for some exercise and sunshine.

My husband met us at Naples, Italy, and while we spent ten days touring the continent, our *gatto* (Italian word for cat) stayed at a boarding kennel in Rome. The final hurdle came when we were making plans to fly from Rome to Tripoli. The airline on which we were to travel could not take animals! This put us in a spot, but things finally straightened out and we departed from Rome, leaving Tim under the care of the hotel manager. Two days after our arrival in Tripoli, Timothy arrived on another airline, the first cat ever to fly on an Alitalia plane. His long journey was ended.

He is now well adjusted to life in North Africa, but I think he must sometimes wonder just where this family will take him next!

• • • • By Pearl M. Robbins

*For time steers us onward through uncharted ways  
Into dawning tomorrows out of waning todays  
And my boy has grown to a youth, tall and strong,  
While that playmate of childhood long since has gone.*

*I watch manhood waking with pride and yet, when,  
As a man, he steps into place among men,  
I'll still turn with yearning to life's memory log  
And see them, as then, my boy and his dog!*

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

IT was not yet six o'clock when I was awakened by a plaintive meowing under our bedroom window. Looking out, I saw a small multi-colored cat with big amber eyes staring back at me.

"Where did you come from?" I asked. Whereupon, she leaped with some difficulty to the window ledge and rubbed against the screen.

I was wondering what there is about us that attracts stray animals when Sheila, the setter, came around the house. Sheila's interests do not include cats, but, of course, the stray didn't know this. Frightened, she leaped off the window ledge and made for the outbuildings, where she found sanctuary between the roof and ceiling of the pump house.

Later, when I was feeding the chickens, Mr. Blue, who had been taking an early morning constitutional, sauntered in. After a brief, "good morning" wag of his tail, he rounded the henry, walked to the haystack and sniffed under the canvas. His investigation brought forth a squawk that set him back on his haunches.

Curious, I went over to see what had attracted his attention and there, under the canvas, I discovered a clucking hen. Assuring her of my good intentions, I slipped my hand under her wing, to feel half a dozen warm little feet milling around.

"What do you know?" I murmured, wondering how many babies she was going to bring forth.

Not wishing to disturb her further, I lowered the canvas and called Mr. Blue to accompany me to the house. But apparently, Mr. Blue had not finished his morning calls. Something under the porch claimed his attention and bending double, I looked to see what it was. Here was another hen, and by the cheeping that came from under her, I knew another family was in the process of being hatched.

Mr. Blue seemed uncommonly interested in this second hen and soon I was to know why, for her children were really not hers at all, but those of Dolores, the turkey.

Ordering Mr. Blue to mind his own business, I went to get breakfast. I'd scarcely started, when I heard a commotion and looking out, saw Mr. Blue trying to climb the ladder which I had left leaning against the pump house.

"Now what's he up to?" I asked myself and went to investigate.

The cry of a newborn kitten overhead explained his interest. So the stray was having kittens in the shallow space between ceiling and roof! I held my head. With nothing to prevent their falling to the ground or, worse still, between the partition, their future didn't look too bright.

The thought had scarcely crossed my mind, when the cry of a second youngster set Mr. Blue to climbing the ladder again. This second cry was followed immediately by a plaintive meowing of the mother. Pulling Mr. Blue off the ladder, I climbed the dozen steps and tried to peer through the narrow opening. I could see the mother, but no kittens. Concluding they were concealed behind some part of the structure and therefore safe, I got down.

As I did so, I noticed Mr. Blue, head cocked to one side, was listening to something at the bottom of the building. I listened, too, but could hear nothing except the frantic cries of the mother cat, directly overhead. Could it be that the kittens, having been born directly over the outer and the inner wall, had fallen to the cement slab below? Mr. Blue seemed to think so, for he began digging like fury.

Using a pinch bar, I removed the bottom board from the inside wall. The moment I did so, the cries which had seemed

# "Mr. Blue's" Busy Day

by Ina Louez Morris



Mr. Blue picks the hen house, waiting his chance to "dognap" anything small enough to squeeze through the wire.

to come from above, actually were on a level with my feet. Reaching gingerly inside, my hand came in contact with something wet and squirming. A yellow kitten! I reached in and found another.

Putting them in my pocket, I climbed the ladder, coaxed the mother to the opening and lifted her out. At sight of Mr. Blue, who was trying to extract the kittens, she put up a terrific fight, but I managed to hold her. Still clutching her with one hand, I found a box and established her and her first-born in the back porch closet.

"Now let her alone," I told Mr. Blue. "She has troubles enough without your breathing down her neck."

He went out and presently I saw him cross the lawn to the sycamore tree and very gently empty his mouth.

"A baby chick!" I yelled, and flew to its rescue. The chick wasn't even damp and, of course, it was too young to be frightened. Scolding him for being a meddlesome old busybody, I returned the chick to its mother, only to find on my return that he'd acquired a baby turkey and was giving it a bath with his long tongue.

"Come inside where I can keep an eye on you," I scolded. But keeping an eye on Mr. Blue was a full-time job. Each time I opened the kitchen door he darted out, his stubby legs carrying him to the closet, the haystack, and spot under the porch. He'd never been so excited or so busy. So many little things being born and hatched and he wasn't permitted to touch any of them!

He looked so forlorn that, finally, I gave him the old kid-bodied doll, treasured since I was five. He took it with some reluctance and a look which seemed to say, "It hasn't fur or feathers, but I guess it will have to do."

## "Who Dunnit" Mystery

By Hazel E. Howard

WHO DUNNIT," was the question my husband asked and neither of us could answer for some time. When we moved to a small southern California town, I complied with the city ordinance and purchased a three-gallon-size garbage pail. A neighbor told me collection days were Monday and Thursday and we were required to set the cans on the parking strip in front of our house. Sunday night, I carried the can out. The next morning, it was nowhere to be found. Some of the neighbors' cans were missing, also. There was nothing to do but buy another. It met with the same fate. I invested in a chain and fastened the third pail securely to a tree and it did not disappear.

A few weeks later, a neighbor said, "I can tell you where your garbage pails are." She gave me an address three blocks away. When I reached the place, I stared in astonishment. There, on the lawn in front of a trim, white bungalow, a row of spotless, shining garbage pails sat. And in the back yard, the culprit, a huge police dog, lay dozing at the end of a chain. Whenever he took a notion, his mistress told me, he raided the neighborhood, carrying the garbage pails home, one by one. Of course, his owners had no idea where he got them, so they emptied, scoured and set them in the front yard until they were claimed. I counted sixteen. One day, the dog's mistress related, she left a steak frying on the stove while she answered the telephone. She returned to the room just in time to see her pet, handle of the frying pan in his mouth and meat sizzling, leap through the open window.

Returning home with my two garbage pails, I was glad to have found out "who dunnit."

## Intruder

By Evelyn McLean

When I reached home from shopping at the store,  
I found small footprints on my kitchen floor,  
With matching footprints all along the sink  
And from their size and style, I think  
The small intruder wore a coat of fur,  
And answered any query with a purr.  
An open window clearly showed the way  
Where the bold robber made his "get-away."  
And upset milk has made me plainly see  
The rascal made a "cat's-paw" out of me.

## Missionary

By Vincent J. Argondezzi

We have a missionary,  
In our neighborhood;  
Who spreads joy and happiness,  
And lives his life for good.

The older people love him,  
Because they like the way  
He stands and guards their children,  
Whenever they're at play.

He never seems to go to sleep;  
You can see him every night  
Standing guard beside the homes  
Seeing everything is right.

Good friend, the people call him,  
This dog who spends his day  
Bringing joy to those he meets  
Along life's busy way.

## Cats' Cooperative

By Evelyn Thomson

OUR society is accustomed to farmer's co-ops, student co-ops, and electric co-ops, but cooperatives of the feline variety are somewhat less common. One exists, however, at McKenzie Bridge, Oregon.

The idea apparently originated with Smoky, a young mother whose first litter was two days old. She was observed entering the house, carrying in her mouth a tiny yellow kitten, very newly-born. Investigation proved that she had not, as at first imagined, produced a belated addition to her family. Instead, she was taking possession of the child of her sister, Goldie, whose first babies were just in the process of arriving into the world.

Smoky was reproved, and for a few days the situation was kept under control by keeping the two families strictly separated. But Smoky did not forget, and either she talked Goldie into cooperating with her, or else Goldie had already subscribed to the same views. Shortly after the opportunity had been provided by a door inadvertently left open, the two families of cat cousins were found tucked away in a communal bed behind the kitchen stove.

Now Smoky and Goldie take turns as wet-nurses and baby-sitters, each one ministering to the combined brood. Neither one resents the presence of the other, and both seem highly pleased with the leisure hours their arrangement contributes to their daily schedule.

## General Takes Command

By O'Gene Hutchings

GENERAL FOCH, my huge brown and white collie, was waiting to welcome me when I alighted from the bus at the crossroads.

"If unable to meet you," my sister had written about one of my periodic visits home from college, "I'll leave the car at the cross-roads."

The car was there in the wide shade of a huge live oak. And it was securely locked. With the General, a happy, interesting participant, I searched every accessible place on the car for those keys. No sale! Thinking sister might have put the keys in the mailbox, I not only looked inside our box, but in the other four boxes fastened to the old wagon wheel perched on a sturdy post. No keys.

"We gotta walk, General," I said, resigned to walking the mile lane which leads from the highway to our country home. "My absent-minded sister no doubt popped the keys right back in her purse!"

Sighing, I picked up my suitcase and started walking up the lane. But the General did not follow. Instead, he barked sharply and trotted over to the tree. "Come on, fellow," I ordered. "We've got to make tracks."

General Foch would not budge. He continued to bark insistently until I turned and went back to him. "What is it, boy? What are you trying to tell me?" I asked.

He answered by rearing up against the tree, wagging his beautiful tail and barking excitedly.

Abruptly, I recalled something from long by-gone days. I thrust my hand in a slight hollow in a crotch of the tree and lifted out the keys to the car. It had been a long time since my sister and I had used that old tree as a secret mailbox for letters we exchanged with the Green brothers on a neighboring farm across the river.

"Did the General have to show you where the keys were?" my sister asked when I arrived home. "I showed him where they were, in case your memory hit a snag," she added.

## Watchdog

Our puppy guards our possessions  
The very best that he can,  
But he licks the hands of intruders  
And barks at the garbage man.

-Theresa E. Black

## OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Marched regally across the mantel.



MY childhood cat was an odd little creature. I recall her with a chuckle and a tear. She had inherited a Persian temperament and a bit of long gray fur. Large-eared and completely foolish, she craved attention and generally found a means of attaining it, as well as our undying affection.

A paradoxical personality was hers, for no matter how often she sought the spotlight, she strongly resented more than an occasional pull on the ear or scratch under the chin.

Only when she held the center of the stage was she completely happy. At such times, her great yellow eyes would grow dark with enthusiasm; her ridiculous ears would cup forward; even her whiskers would take on a proud angle, as she marched regally across the mantel or deigned to cuff Mother's ball of darned cotton with her paw.

Penny had talent to spare. She could push a bottle of ink from desk to floor without the least damage to bottle or floor, providing the cap was on, and did so with regularity. She dashed off many an original number on the piano, her

She would keep close watch on an intruder.



periods of inspiration usually occurring in the small hours of the morning. Every opportunity for mischief was recognized and seized. It is no wonder that all of her kittens were incorrigible.

An intense dislike of strangers (and so she regarded all but two of our acquaintances) was evident from the moment she reached maturity. She particularly disliked callers who chose to enter the front door. Those who arrived at the back were, for some reason, to Penny slightly less suspicious characters.

A ring of the doorbell inevitably filled our cat with a mixture of dread and curiosity. Padding cautiously to the hall door, she would peek out and then, in a

frenzy of fear, dash into the closet, from which vantage point she would keep close watch on the intruder.

Penny was with us for six years, and reared many a family of idiotic little kittens, each with as perplexing characteristics as its mother.

There still exists a living example of my old cat's personality. Next door there resides a temperamental bit of felinity that has the honor of being a great-great-granddaughter of Penny, many times removed. As I watch her slink fearfully away at my approach and then from a safe distance turn, in hopes of my attention, I see the shadow of my old gray cat taking the spotlight once more.



Each with as perplexing characteristics as its mother.

## "Necessity Is the Mother of Invention" . . . . By Mary A. Mathewson

OUR black and white springer spaniel, Timmy, had been taught as a puppy to keep his bone on a newspaper, so that he was permitted at times to have one in the kitchen. He learned, also, to bring the paper from a cupboard in our den.

One evening, when my husband was

preparing a special bone for Tim, he was told to get his paper, as usual. Joyously he ran into the other room only to discover that the cupboard door was shut, which fact neither of us had realized. On his return without the newspaper, his master sent him back a second time. Whereupon Tim became more and

more excited and hopefully retrieved a tiny scrap of paper from a waste basket.

When he found this would not do, he tore breathlessly into the hall and reappeared, highly pleased with himself, dragging as a last resort, one of my good scatter rugs for his precious bone.

# Animals Are a Part



This amusing carving in Ripple Church, somewhere in England, is the work of a craftsman nearly 400 years ago. It depicts spring and we see the farmer in a ploughed field sowing corn by hand which is carried in a basket slung over his left arm. The horse following him appears to have designs on the handful of corn.



At Sledmore, Yorkshire, England, is a remarkable war memorial erected to commemorate the 1,200 men from the Yorkshire Wolds who fought in the First World War. Known as the Waggoner's Monument, it is covered with sculpture showing the various activities of the men at home and abroad. In this picture is a waggoner with a load of farm produce on one of the famous Wold carts. His faithful dog trots along at the rear of the horses.



Dick was a one-eyed gander who lost his life when he fell into a well while trying to get a drink. His tombstone, in a field near Sowerby Bridge, Yorkshire, England, shows he had lived to be 23 years old.



A fine study of three dogs in a stained glass window in Bishopstone Church, near Hereford, England. One of the original breeds, greyhounds have been traced back to 4000 B.C. At one time their possession by anyone but royalty was banned.

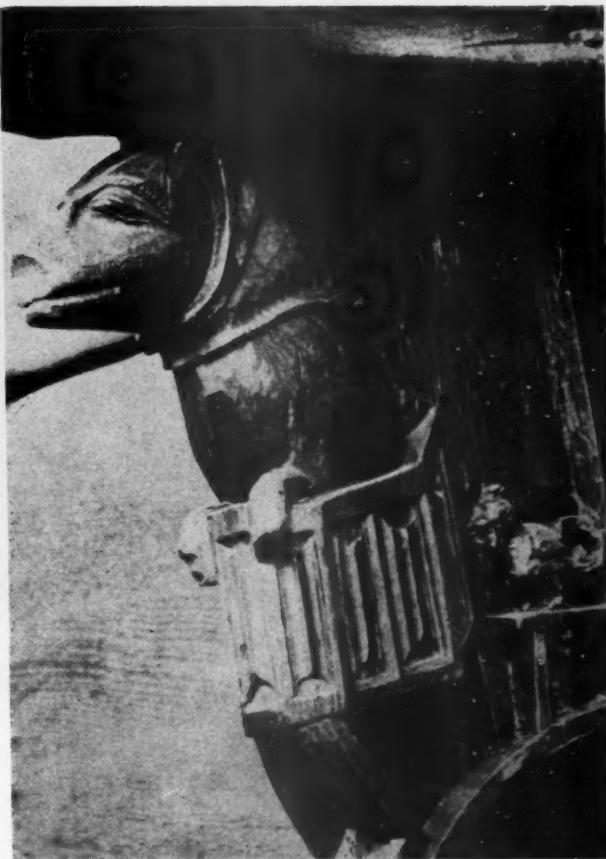


# Part of Our Heritage

Photos by J. Denton Robinson



This picture, also a part of the many sculptured reliefs on the Waggoner's Monument, shows the waggoner being sworn in as a soldier. Note that here again, an indispensable part of the waggoner's life, is his pet dog taking up a prominent position. This outstanding monument was designed by Sir Mark Sykes who, in planning the memorial, must have concluded that the lives of these waggoners were so intermingled with animals that their presence on the monument was indispensable.

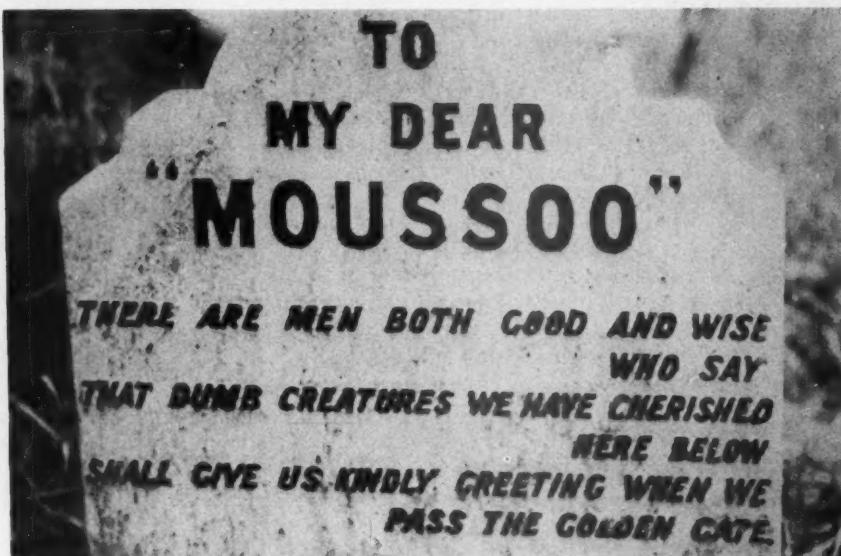


This remarkable carving of a fox in the pulpit is in the Priory Church at Christchurch, Hants, England, and is the work of a craftsman of the 13th century. Reynard, with a quaint little hood, preaches from a tiny pulpit and behind him is a small fowl which no doubt when spellbound will provide a tasty meal for the cunning fellow.



Tombstone of a beloved dog, found in a London park.

Part of a stained glass window in St. Augustine's Church at Haggerstone, England, is this little dog, Nipper, with his master and mistress in the background.





## Dog on the Town

By Odia Lee Harris

A FEW years ago a half-grown puppy wandered into downtown Lexington, Kentucky, and started making friends. One of the first friends that he made was Mrs. R. A. Welch, of the Welch Cigar Store. Then there were others and it wasn't very long until the dog, Smiley Pete, became Lexington's unofficial pet and was allowed to roam at will in downtown Lexington.

Mrs. Welch has bought Smiley's license tag from year to year and he is fed here and there by people who have grown to admire his friendliness. Smiley augments his regular meals by stopping every now and then at the Carter Supply Company for a can or two of high-powered dog food.

Last winter Dudley Williams, an employee of the Angelucci and Ringo store for men, put gloves on Smiley's feet to

keep them warm during a spell of cold weather.

On warm nights, Smiley Pete can be found sleeping on one of the downtown street corners. On cold nights, Mrs. Welch often takes him home with her, or some friendly policeman downtown will fix him a cardboard box in which to sleep.

One summer when a quarantine was placed on dogs in Lexington, Smiley was placed in "jail" for ninety days, with the friendly citizens all chipping in to pay the expense of his room and board for the three months.

Smiley Pete, part chow, is a white dog with black markings, and his address as given on his card at the Del-Tor Veterinary Clinic, where he gets free treatment and free baths, is "anywhere along Main Street."

## What Is a Dog?

By Art Crockett

WEBSTER'S Unabridged Dictionary defines a dog as "a domesticated carnivore. (*Canis familiaris*)." How cold!

I say a dog is a furry bundle equipped with an articulate tail and a pinkish tongue which tries vainly to kiss your finger through the plate glass window of a pet shop and then stares at you with black buttons emotionally powerful enough to melt a dictator's heart.

He's your newly-purchased puppy cavorting through your rooms, sniffing, investigating, planning areas for sleep, for hiding when naughty, for escape from energetic children, for playing hide-and-go-seek when you're willing.

He's the inexpensive commodity which has strangely filled some yawning gaps in your life. He's durable, lovable, entertaining, protective. He's your shadow, your *alter ego*. He loves you with no questions asked—and hopes you will accept him on an equal basis.

Your laughing matter is when he brings you one slipper for your comfort; your drama when he limps because of a sharp briar digging into his paw. You worry with him at the doctor's examining room.

He's your cut-rate home psychologist whom you can berate and thereby let off steam when no one else will heed your words. He's your cheap burglar alarm system and there is at least one time in his life when you are glad he did not obey your constant demands to keep quiet.

In later years, he becomes the object of comment when he finds it difficult to hold his head up, when he sleeps more and avoids children like the plague. His walk has slowed up and no one can remember when he last played with his favorite toy or raced down the drive to greet your homecoming.

He's your dog and yours alone when, in extreme old age, he crawls to you and kisses your hand with a pinkish tongue in appreciation of a good life and for allowing his Maker to take him when He saw fit. And when he closes his eyes and remains still and quiet on the floor, you realize a period in your life has passed, a period which will be referred to time and again, until your own life ends.

Yes, you will miss him. You will wonder how you could ever let an animal so entwine himself around your heart. But, well, that's a dog!

## Midnight Playmates

By Bertha T. Robinson

ON a bright moonlight night, we were awakened by a noise in the back yard. We listened for a while and heard nothing so decided we had been dreaming. Just as we were dropping off to sleep again the noise came once more. It sounded like a jar or something of that type rolling around on the path in the back yard. Knowing that something must be making it roll, we climbed upstairs so that we could look down into the back yard without disturbing our midnight visitor.

One peek out of the window showed us two half-grown skunks in the path. We settled ourselves quietly to watch, having in mind that a startled skunk is likely to spray his surroundings first and inquire into the matter afterward—if at all. Besides, we wanted to see what they had been doing to make the noise and were afraid if they heard us they would go away.

As we watched, one of the skunks approached an old molasses jug lying in the path. It had been tipped over and, as the skunk reached it, he played around it much as a kitten would do. He would stand up on his hind legs and push at it with his front feet. The jug had apparently rolled down the path awakening us with the noise, and come to rest against a small stone. Soon, the other skunk came to join in the play and they certainly did seem to be having a lot of fun.

One of them stuck an inquisitive nose into the neck of the jug only to be pushed out of the way by the other one who just wanted to be sure he hadn't missed anything. Seeming satisfied that there was nothing of interest inside of the jug, they went back to playing with it. Finally, one of them stood with his front feet on one end of the jug and it really looked as if the other skunk rooted at the stone, which was holding it, with his nose. Anyway, all of a sudden, down the path rolled the jug, making the same noise which had awakened us.

The young skunks scampered after it, but when it stopped rolling they seemed to lose interest in it and after a sniff or two, they ambled off into the night leaving the jug at the foot of the path instead of by the storehouse door, where it had been sitting before the young skunks took it.

## Dog That Was Wanted

By Weldon D. Woodson

THROUGH the years, Mrs. B. B. Sather, of Los Angeles, had owned various mongrel dogs, but never one with a pedigree. She expressed her wish for one to her brother and one day he came across a family who had a pure bred toy terrier.

Immediately he recognized that one like it would be just what his sister desired. He asked the family if he could buy a puppy from her next litter, but the family told him that they had decided that she would not have any more. He pleaded and finally, they consented. So on February 18, 1948, Mrs. Sather's pure bred toy terrier was born. His parent never had any puppies after that. Mrs. Sather calls her pet a dog of love.

The question arose as what to name him. For such an important animal Mrs. Sather thought that he should have a significant name, such as that of a big Indian chief. She searched the books on Indians and decided on Tecumseh, Shawnee chief who died back in 1813. After trying it on him for several days, she and Mr. Sather concluded that it just didn't fit their cherished pet which was so tiny that she carried him around in her partly opened purse. Noting the black mark on his forehead, Mrs. Sather suggested Ink Spot. They both agreed on this. In time, Ink Spot was shortened to Inky.

Wherever Mrs. Sather goes, Inky invariably accompanies her. After the release of the motion picture, "Mudlark," a woman remarked that the little boy in the picture had tender eyes just like Inky. As the weeks passed, others made the same comment. For curiosity, Mr. and Mrs. Sather went to see the picture. They, too, felt that the juvenile hero and Inky had eyes in common.

By the time he was a year and a half old, Mrs. Sather had taught him all the obedience tricks. Someone said that such an intelligent dog should be trained to do harder tricks. Prompted by this, Mrs. Sather began. As a starter, she sat him on the bench at her upright piano and Inky showed adeptness at tapping out notes. In fact, in time, he developed the knack of playing with sufficient skill so that one was able to recognize such tunes as, "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep," "Farmer in the Dell," and "Pop, Goes the Weasel." With a twinkle in his eyes, Mr. Sather says that all of this is by ear. The music is placed in front of him only for effect. Recently, Mrs. Sather bought Inky his own piano.

At present, she is teaching him to type on the typewriter. Inky assumes the right position and pecks out letters, but Mrs. Sather smilingly confesses that so far none have spelled out words. Among other feats that he performs are rolling a barrel and eating in a high chair.



# So Far, So Good

**By John C. Macfarlane, Director, Livestock Conservation**

**A**T the recent International Livestock Exposition, in Chicago, there were shown some of the most wonderful animals I have ever seen. After spending an entire week observing cattle, calves, hogs and sheep from all parts of America, I couldn't help remarking how well these animals were handled. Somehow, I felt that this year saw more tolerance and more understanding between human and animal.

Nineteen Fifty-Three brought many new ideas—human ideas—to the livestock industry, both in our own country and in Europe. Denmark and other Scandinavian countries passed laws making the stunning of all food animals mandatory. After nearly a hundred years, an old law in France will be revised to assure humane treatment for animals in that nation, too.

Our Society was partly responsible for sending a young 4-H boy to Chicago to



Photo by Jim Ross

**Jim Anderson shown giving a demonstration on why we should be more humane in handling livestock.**

# Agent's Calendar

ONE of the Society's friends reported recently that a large mongrel collie, with a harness but no tag, was seen around a vacant house. Our agent was unable to get near the frightened, bewildered animal, and he found that neighbors had no idea to whom the dog belonged. However, they promised to try feeding the dog and thereby perhaps entice it into a garage, so it might be captured. After five trips, the agent

compete in a national Livestock Conservation Demonstration. We are proud of Jim Anderson, from Pembroke, Massachusetts, because he sincerely believes in being kind, and his deep appreciation of animals fires every lecture, every demonstration he gives. When there are thousands more like Jim, we shall have a better world.

Many New England farmers built humane loading equipment in 1953. The Massachusetts State Grange, Patrons of Husbandry, Inc., at a meeting in October passed the following resolution:

"WHEREAS, the New England Conservation, Inc., and the Massachusetts SPCA are promoting an educational program for the benefit of agricultural people, and

"WHEREAS, the National Grange of Patrons of Husbandry and its affiliated Granges are incorporated agricultural societies and are created for the promotion of agriculture and its kindred pursuits.

"NOW, THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED that the Massachusetts State Grange, Patrons of Husbandry, Inc., in meeting assembled this 27th day of October, 1953, will cooperate with the New England Livestock Conservation, Inc., and give its full support to the Educational Program for the Conservation of Livestock, and we also urge the Grange Lecturers to make full use of the abundance of program material offered by this organization."

Through "Animal Fair," our weekly television program over Channel 4, WBZ-TV, Boston, we have been able to interest thousands of people that we might never have been able to reach otherwise. We receive many letters and

# Society and

telephoned requests for material on better livestock handling methods. Public reaction to our efforts on "Animal Fair" has been very gratifying. We try, through the medium of television, to emphasize the tremendous importance of all animals to man.

I had several opportunities to meet with old friends, like Dr. J. R. Pickard and Mike O'Connell, General Manager and Assistant General Manger of Livestock Conservation, in Chicago. From these meetings, I learned two new facts that bear repeating: (1) The meat that was wasted in 1953, due to brutal treatment, disease, parasites, unsanitation, bad equipment, etc., will reach a figure equal to 11.7% of our nation's 1951 agricultural income, or slightly less than \$3,000,000,000. That's more than we spent in any one year in Korea! (2) Based upon the known fact that out of every 100 million pigs born, 41 million die before they reach market, it is of interest to know that 77,247,000 Americans could have been fed for an entire year (at the established *per capita* pork consumption of 71.6 lbs.) if this waste had been avoided.

We are a great nation. We are also the most careless and indifferent nation on earth. One day the human heart will move ahead and take its rightful place alongside the human mind.

Let us hope that 1954 will extend the light of humane understanding, that swords will be beaten back into plowshares and that animals and men will live in peace.

## Samples of Daily SPCA Routine

finally captured the dog with the aid of a seven-year-old boy, who was able to slip a rope under the harness and hold him until the agent could take over. Then the dog was removed to our Society's nearest shelter for treatment and placement in a new home.

Several reports like the following are received each week in our offices: a

neighbor reported that nearby residents had a kitten that was never taken indoors, never fed, and the owner had stated that he didn't care what happened to it. An agent called but found no one at home. He left a card, however, warning that abandonment is a violation of the law and if the owner did not want to keep and take care of the kitten, it must be humanely put to sleep or given up to a humane society for placement.

# Service News

## Annual Horses' Christmas Celebration

PRETTY Miss Takouhi Mangasarian, one of the Massachusetts SPCA staff members who distributed free Christmas dinners to Greater Boston stables on December 24, according to our nearly 40-year-old custom, is shown feeding Dan and Chubby, farm horses given the Society so that they may spend the rest of their lives at our Rest Farm in Methuen.



## Provincetown Essay Contest Winners

IT would be difficult to even summarize the great influence the Federation of Women's Clubs has upon the family life of this nation and in working for a lasting world peace. So it is with great satisfaction that the American Humane Education Society reports that three Massachusetts women's clubs, the Nautilus Club of Provincetown, the Reading Women's Club, and the Hyannis Women's Club, have recognized the value of our program of teaching kindness to children in order to overcome cruelty to persons and animals.

As Mr. Pollard, Director of Education for our Society, points out, understanding and sympathy for animals comes largely from more opportunities in today's schools to help our young people develop a feeling for humane treatment of animals. These firsthand experiences create a sense of responsibility and establish standards for the care of pets, and, what is even more important, these early concepts of kindness carry over into adult behavior, making tomorrow's better citizens. Such education is fundamental to the purposes and objectives of the women's clubs, for strengthening the character of youth is the foundation of an enduring civilization.

Recognition of humane education in the schools by these women's clubs is

emphasized by an Essay Contest for the respective grades. Attractive animal books are offered as prizes to stimulate children to organize and evaluate their thinking with regard to responsibility and kindness towards animals.

The Nautilus Club of Provincetown, for the fifth year, led off in April with an assembly of parents, teachers and children in the high school auditorium. Mrs. Elmer Greensfelder, chairman of the Club's Essay Committee, greeted the audience. She spoke earnestly in tribute to the memory of Susan Glaspell, noted author, and lover of children and animals, for whom the annual contest is named. Following this, Mr. Pollard stressed the fundamentals of keeping your pets happy and healthy around the calendar.

Then, from the wings of the stage, tables, chairs and other props were brought on as Mrs. Jeanne Bissell, their dramatic coach, announced the principals about to appear in a play, "The Animal Court." The actors, who appeared in costumes to fit their parts, included Stephen Bazycki, Gordon Ferreira, Lewis Greensfelder, Arniel Felton, Odilia Duarte, Paul Oldenquist, Pio Junco, Bill Kempton, Thomas Reis, Beverly Cook, John Mendes, Joan Frade, Carla Toshia and Salvador Vasques. The

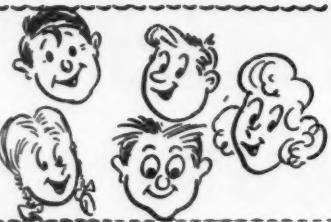
play depicted the remorse of a boy who has been careless in the care of his dog and who vows to change his ways.

After Mrs. Anthony P. Tavers, Nautilus Club president, had lauded the actors for their excellent production, she called the name of each winner in the Essay Contest, asking him to come forward to receive his prize. It was the signal for the clicking of cameras and continuous applause.

All of the essays were published in the *Provincetown Advocate*, and, from time to time, some will be printed on the children's pages of this magazine. The winners of the contest were Joseph Stevens, Gloria Taves, Richard Burhoe, Donna Gonsalves, Jose Rodrigues, Richard Flores, Patricia Russell, Lana Valentine, Beverly Dwyer, Peggy Hathaway, Shirley Silva, Malcolm Mooney, Janet Benson and Joseph Lema. Honorable mention awards went to Joan Patrick, Norman Russell, Eunice Cordeiro, Frances Patrick, Cheryl Santos, Clyde Pettit, Donna Perreira, Joaquin Duarte, Richard Hautenan, Mary Ellen Jason, Lillian Corea, Mildred Peters, Nancy Burhoe, and Rose Peters.

Unfortunately, lack of space compels us to postpone presenting the results of the other two contests until subsequent issues.

# CHILDREN'S



Presenting Junior, a lucky lady if we ever heard of one.  
(See story below.)

## Junior Is My Roommate

By Kathy Harris (12)

INCLOSED is a picture of my cocker spaniel, Junior. I took it one day when I was sick.

She rides in my bicycle basket when I go for a ride. She loves to be dressed up and sleep in bed with me. At night she sleeps with me under the covers and, once or twice, she has almost pushed me out of bed.

Junior has had two litters of puppies.

## Aunt Polly's Zoo

### The Flying Cinderella

HERE we are!" exclaimed Christie White, as she and her brother Billy met Aunt Polly in her yard, one bright summer day.

"Welcome to my Zoo, Billy. This is your first visit, isn't it?" Billy nodded, shyly, and they started to walk toward Aunt Polly's house. Suddenly, Billy ran ahead to chase a butterfly and, as the butterfly lit on a flower, he tried unsuccessfully to trap it with his cap.

Aunt Polly said nothing until after they had reached her porch and she had treated them to soda pop and cookies. Then she smiled at them both and said, "Billy, you and Christie must have heard the story of Cinderella, the poor, over-worked servant girl who magically became a princess, with a crown of gold and glass slippers."

"Yes, ma'am," Billy replied, "we've read that story."

"Anyhow," Aunt Polly declared, "that beautiful butterfly you were trying to catch is a lot like Cinderella, for the butterfly is the royal state of the caterpillar. Mother Nature gave the lowly caterpillar a pair of lovely wings and it becomes a dainty butterfly, for a short time."

"You mean they don't live very long?" asked Billy.

"Yes, honey, that's just what I mean. I have made a study of the many butterflies that live in my Zoo, and you might be interested to know that the dust-like scales covering their wings give the butterflies their gorgeous colors. Let's take a walk through my gardens while I tell you more about these flying flowers."

"Most butterflies fly only in the daytime and are often as colorful as the blossoms they visit. In fact, the life of the butterfly is an incessant round of flowers, for they live on nectar, which they extract from the honey cups of sweet-smelling flowers."

"How does the butterfly get the honey?" asked Christie.

"They have a unique, long sucking tube. With this, they probe deep into the honey cup of a flower, and when the tube is not in use, they keep it coiled like a watch spring."

"Are you going to tell us how they turn into butterflies from caterpillars?" Billy demanded.

"Well, when the caterpillar feels that the time has come for it to turn into a butterfly, it spins a button of silk to which it clings, hanging head down, and sheds its caterpillar skin. Then it wraps itself in silk and for some time it sleeps. In this form it is known as a chrysalis. After a certain length of time, which varies according to the kind of caterpillar, it magically emerges from the chrysalis state as a graceful butterfly."

"Just like Cinderella!"

"Yes, Christie. I think there are no more lovely members of the Animal Kingdom than these dancing, joyous insects that flutter about my sunny gardens and our flower-covered roadsides."

"I never would have tried to catch that butterfly if I had known all about him before. And they come from those fuzzy, creeping caterpillars!" Billy could hardly believe it.

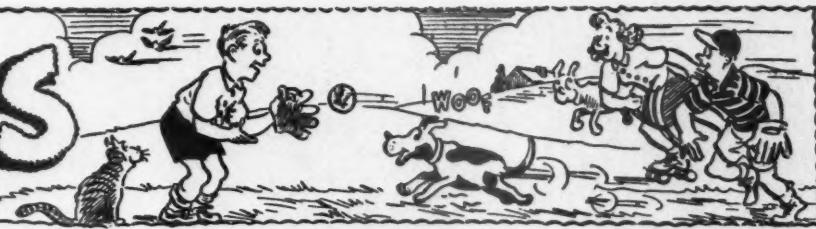
"We never heard much about butterflies before, but I'm going to tell all our friends, Aunt Polly, so they won't hurt them either." So saying, Christie ran off across the lawn, so excited she forgot to thank Aunt Polly for her story, but Aunt Polly knows children and she didn't mind one bit.

Billy, still fascinated, lay down on the lawn to watch the "flying Cinderellas" as they flitted back and forth in her garden and didn't even notice that Aunt Polly had gone into her house to work.

— Eva C. Pollard

MOVING?—Don't miss a single copy of *Our Dumb Animals*. Send your new address together with the address label from your last copy to the Circulation Manager at least five weeks in advance.

# PAGES



Linda

*By Bettina Ferry (D)*

LINDA is our rabbit. She is brownish red. We got her two days ago.

We used to have a white rabbit, but it ran away. This new rabbit is unlike the one we used to have because if you put it on the ground, it does not run from you.

## Minnie's Way of Waking Turtles

*By Sheila Forrest (11)*

I GO to our school library every Friday. I always get an *OUR DUMB ANIMALS* magazine. Animals are my hobby. I happened to get an issue of *OUR DUMB ANIMALS* of July, 1953, and read an ad saying if anything unusual happened to your pets to send it to you. So I am.

I have a kitten called Minnie and two turtles, Ginny and Lee. We have the turtle bowl on the floor of the parlor, because we know my kitten won't bother them except for this. Every time my kitten thinks the turtles are asleep, she pushes them off the bank and gives them a ducking in the water to wake them up.

I hope you put this in your magazine.

REMEMBER, boys and girls, BE KIND TO ANIMALS WEEK is scheduled this year for the week of April 25 through May 1, with Humane Sunday falling on April 25. This celebration, first sponsored by our Society some forty years ago, has since attained national scope. We should always be kind to animals, but this week is intended to remind us to make a special effort.

## My Pet Is a Singing Star

*By Gerard O'Brien (10)*

MY PET is a little yellow canary. I got him in a pet shop. I thought he was very cute, so I asked Dad if he would buy him for me.

When I got home I put the canary in a cage and he began to sing very beautifully. The next morning when I woke up, he sang even more beautifully.

One day, somehow, he got out of the cage and flew down to the floor. Along came the cat and chased him round and round the house. The poor little fellow had all he could do to keep flying, but finally he got up into the cage.

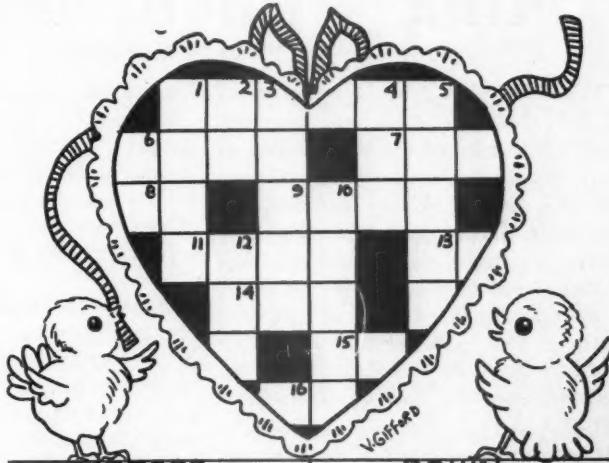
Later I came and patted him gently and he began to sing. Then I brought him some crumbs and gave them to him. What I like best about birds is the way they sing. So always be kind to the birds.

## Every Friday on TV

### MEET "MR. MAC" AND HIS FRIENDS

MONKEYS, elephants, horses, parakeets, raccoons, fish, insects and, of course, dogs and cats; they're just a few of John Macfarlane's animal friends who have appeared with him on our TV program, *ANIMAL FAIR*, on Channel 4, WBZ-TV, at 6 P. M., every Friday. "Mr. Mac" has fascinating stories and facts about animals to tell you and new animal friends each week for you to meet, so be sure to tune in *ANIMAL FAIR* this Friday and every Friday night at 6 o'clock.

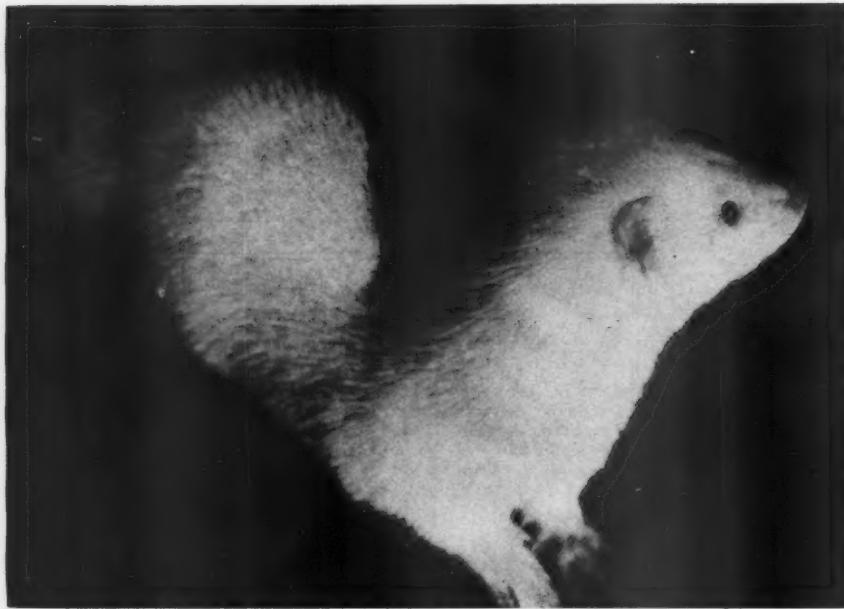
ANSWERS TO JANUARY PUZZLE: Across—1. new, 3. bed, 5. tiger, 8. toads, 10. in, 11. odd, 12. sky. Down—1. net, 2. editor, 4. beads, 6. God, 7. Rd., 9. spy, 10. it.



### ACROSS

- 1.
6. TO FLY UPWARD.
7. SHORT FORM OF "OVER."
8. THUS.
- 9.
11. TO UNDERSTAND.
13. TO GET A THING DONE.
14. A POINTED TOOL USED FOR MAKING SMALL HOLES.
15. ELEVATED - ABBV.
16. TO BE SOMEPLACE.
- 1.
2. EACH - ABBV.
- 3.
- 4.
5. WHAT FLOWERS GROW FROM.
6. SUNDAY SCHOOL - (INITIALS)
10. YOUNG OWL.
12. TO FIND FAULT.

Answer to Puzzle Will Appear Next Month



This pure white mink, born on a ranch in Manitoba, Canada, pricks up his ears at the good news below.

## Mink without Murder

By M. Daly Hopkins

PORVENTOUS news came over the BBC radio the other day, and every husband and father, to say nothing of every North American businesswoman, will soon be agog at the glad tidings.

So will other women, all those who dislike the idea of wearing a little dead animal around their necks, or who object to the considerable weight of most fur coats, or who have felt they could not afford to buy one. All these difficulties are overcome, now that we are to have nylon fur.

It seems that scientists of the Defense Board of Canada were the first to develop nylon fur. They were looking for a cheap fur from which to make an army shirt for men serving in the Arctic regions. In their search they discovered that they could make fur from nylon, fur that was lighter and longer-wearing than real fur but just as warm.

A British firm bought the patent, and is now producing nylon fur at a factory in County Durham. The "furriers" they hired deserve a special tribute for being so versatile; they are ex-miners out of work. They, their wives and daughters have been specially trained by skilled furriers brought from London and are rapidly becoming experts.

The new nylon cloth is cut just as care-

fully as the genuine fur, and styled just as smartly. Persian, mink, beaver, leopard, ermine and chinchilla have been made up in full-length and knee-length coats, jackets, stoles, muffs and hats. These were all modelled at a recent convention at the King Edward Hotel, in Toronto.

Besides its humaneness, one of the greatest blessings of nylon fur is that it is *mothproof* and will eliminate cold storage bills. Also, it will not burn or rub off, and can be *washed* with ordinary soap and water. Think of the cleaning bills you'll save!

Of course, the price for a nylon fur coat will be much less than that for a genuine fur coat. A nylon mink coat will retail for about fifty guineas, or about \$140 in United States currency. Buyers for the export trade are competing for them now, and those from Canada and the United States have asked for the factory's whole output. However, part of the factory is still making garments for our troops in colder climates.

To animal-lovers and those who despise cruelty in any form, the best news of all is that there is bound to be a decrease in the trapping of wild animals.

Now, thanks to science, all women who love the flattery of fur can enjoy it with a clear conscience.

## Teddy Must Be Telepathic

By Anna A. Myers

OUR dog, named Teddy, is a small "terrier poodle," and weighs ten pounds. He is very much like other dogs, barks at strangers, knows the sound of our car and the tinkle of his leash, and can tell when he may or may not go out with us from our vocal inflections, etc.

However, there are two incidents which make our Teddy seem rather unusual and special. My sister was hospitalized for a long time and, during this period, the street lights were shut off for days following a severe storm.

Teddy has always slept in his basket in my Dad's room in the front part of the house, but the first night of the darkness he came into the room my sister and I shared. I believe he sensed that I might be afraid or lonely in the dark and he felt it was his duty to protect and comfort me.

The lights were restored about seven one night and that very night, and each succeeding one, Teddy returned to his basket to sleep. Neither calling nor bribing would make him come back to our room to sleep! It seems uncanny, but it's true.

The second incident occurred when my father, who was employed at a neighborhood motion picture theater, came home one night earlier than his usual time. His regular hour of arrival was about 11:30 P. M.

This particular night, the manager told him he might leave at 9:45 P. M.

It was Teddy's custom to be at the door of our house to greet my father, so, on other nights, he would go to the door about eleven o'clock and lie there until my dad returned home. But this particular night, at 9:45, he arose from where he was sleeping, stretched, and, looking at the rest of the family in the room, went to the door to lie there and wait.

We spoke to Teddy, saying, "You'll catch cold lying there such a long while. Your Dad won't be home for hours yet; come back where you were." This made no impression on him. He politely listened, but with a look on his face which implied that we did not know whereof we spoke. In proof of this, it was just a short time later that my dad arrived at the door. It seemed as if at the same time my father was told he might leave early, Teddy knew it, too.

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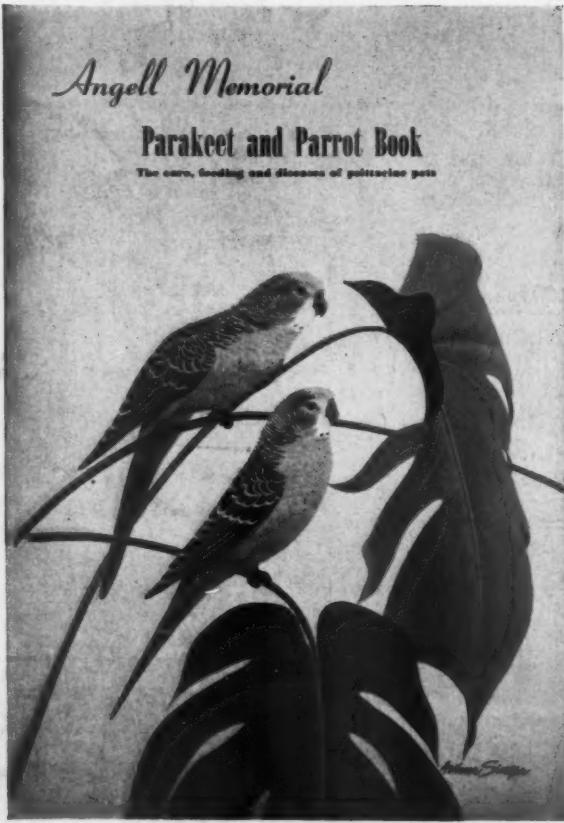
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